Game, Set, Match

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by orphan_account

Summary

Ford thinks he can win this bet -- but Stan knows a fool's gambit when he sees one. AKA, Ford and Stan bet on who'll come first.

“What’s stopping me from doing it myself?” Ford asks.

“Nothing,” Stan says. Just that: Nothing. Ford supposes that’s part of the appeal – knowing what he *could* do, what he could have, if he weren’t willing to submit himself utterly to Stan’s judgment. The warmth of anticipation begins to build in his stomach.

Ford reaches behind him and grabs the bedposts. “Alright, then,” he says. “My money’s on myself, naturally.”

“Oh, naturally,” Stan says, voice dripping with sarcasm. “’Cause you’re so above us mere mortals, right? Don’t ever have, eh, I don’t know. Primal urges, or whatever. Am I close?”

“I *have* always had more self-control than you,” Ford says.

“You also drew alien titties in your notebooks and jacked off to them,” Stan says. “Don’t forget who slept bottom bunk and had to listen to you squeaking every night.”

“Yes, when I was fourteen,” Ford says.

“Who was it who sucked whose dick first?” Stan asks, pressing a heavy kiss to the base of Ford’s cock.

“Only because you were being obstinate,” Ford says. “And I knew – given my behavior when I first came out of the portal – that you would keep your cards close.”

“Huh, that’s not how I remember it.” Stan presses a trail of sucking kisses down Ford’s hip, down the inside of his thigh, his stubble scratching the sensitive skin. “I seem to recall you drunkenly flopping in my bed and begging me to let you suck it.”

“I did not beg,” Ford snaps. “And I wasn’t…that drunk.”

“’Oh, Stan, I can’t stop thinking about it, I just wanna *see* it. Oh, you smell so *good,* Stanley!’” Stan jams his nose into the crook of Ford’s thigh and cock and inhales, sharp and deep; a laugh bursts out of Ford and he kicks Stan in the side. “Ow! Watch it!”

Ford struggles to keep from laughing, his breath hitching. “Don’t do that, then!”

“Hey, I wasn’t the one reveling in ball sweat. That was *you.*” Stan sits up on his elbows and grins at Ford. “You know you don’t have to actually say *please* to beg for something, right?”

“Perhaps I’ll get you a dictionary for our next birthday,” Ford says.

“Y’know what, never mind.” Stan sits up and stretches with an exaggerated yawn; the movement displays his body, the thick, muscled arms, the round expanse of his belly, his pink nipples. His cock hangs half-hard between his legs, lightly flushed. Ford swallows. He knows Stan well enough to know this is part of it, and so lifts his shoulders in the best shrug he can with his hands still clutching the posts.

“I suppose that’s your call to make,” he says.

“Mmhmm.” Stan begins to palm his own thighs, dragging his calloused hands up and down and in lazy circles, idly letting the back of his hands rub his cock. Ford swallows and tightens his grip on the bedposts, but he doesn’t speak. Stan is more impatient than him. He can wait this out.

Stan, however, is in no hurry. He drags one hand up his belly and through the thick hair on his chest; he gently tweaks one of his nipples and sucks in a sharp breath. The other hand cups his cock, but he doesn’t start to jerk himself off, instead holding it and rubbing his thumb just under the head, a slow and steady motion. “Oh, man,” Stan says, “I could do this all day.”

“I could, too,” Ford says. It’s easy enough to say, but harder to believe – not that Stan needs to know that. The longer he watches Stan, the more intensely he wants those thick fingers on him, in him. He wants Stan fast and hard, wants all of his power and aggression directed at him.

He can wait.

Stan’s cock is stiffening under his touch, and soon Stan is grinding his hips into his hand with short, erratic movements. His face is flushed. Worst of all, he is staring at Ford, his eyes raking over his body.

“Look at you,” Stan says. His voice is rough compared to the soft sound of his hand jerking his cock. Ford shivers. “Fuck, Sixer, *look at you.* You could…you could probably eat me for breakfast but you’re just – just waiting for me to fuck you. Can’t stop staring at my dick, can you? Can’t stop thinking about what it’s like? Huh?”

“Close,” Ford says. “I’m wondering what I should ask for when I win this bet.”

Stan laughs. “Yeah? Got any ideas?” He leans over Ford, resting an elbow by his head; their bodies are close enough, now, that the back of Stan’s hand is brushing Ford’s dick with each stroke. Ford bites his lip. “I know exactly what I’m gonna make you do when I win,” he says, and licks at Ford’s teeth.

Ford opens his mouth without hesitation, and Stan bows his head into him, licking his way into Ford’s mouth, wet and hot and suffocating. Ford almost takes his hands away from the bed to grab Stan’s hair, but stops himself just in time. His arms tremble. There’s something about kissing Stanley that makes him take up everything in Ford’s world, until all Ford is aware of his the heat of their bodies, the taste of him, the wet slide of his tongue. When Stan leans back, Ford can’t remember what the question was, nor does he care. He hooks his ankles around Stan’s hips and surges up, seeking another kiss.

But Stan grins and leans back a little farther, until Ford can’t hope to reach him without letting go of the bed. “Man, I knew I was gonna win, but I didn’t think it’d be *that* easy,” he says.

“What? I – you haven’t won, yet,” Ford says.

“Yeah, I have.” Stan gives Ford’s thighs an affectionate pat, then grabs his ass and lifts him up, resting his cock in the cleft of Ford’s ass. “Want proof?”

“Yes,” Ford says. This, he thinks, is where Stan is going to lose – Stan’s dug his own grave, and once he finally has what he wants, he will lose himself and come, long before Ford ever does. He tightens his legs around Stan’s waist. “Give it to me,” he says, not caring if desperation edges into his voice.

Stan laughs; the noise rumbles through him and into Ford. Then, he presses the fat head of his cock against Ford – presses slow and easy, presses *in.* “Easy,” he murmurs against Ford’s jaw. “Easy.”

Ford catches his moans in the back of his throat, forcing himself to be quiet and still. He won’t let Stan patronize him. This is where Stan is going to lose, because being inside of Ford will make him want release *now,* will make him pound Ford into the mattress and come before he knows what’s hit him. Ford swallows hard, the sound clicking in his throat, and swallows again before he can speak. “I want to touch you,” he says.

“Just said you couldn’t touch yourself, Brainiac,” Stan says. He bends his head low and kisses Ford’s neck, chasing a bead of sweat with his tongue. He eases himself in another inch, stretching Ford; his hands are tight on Ford’s ass, tightening and relaxing with each breath.

Now that he has permission, Ford doesn’t know what he wants to do – his hands scrabble along Stan’s back, his shoulders, scratches up to his neck. Stan pushes a little closer, a little deeper, but he’s still not thrusting, not giving Ford what he wants. “Stanley,” Ford says, his voice tight.

“God, you feel good,” Stan says. “So good.”

“Stanley,” Ford repeats, his voice higher. Stan eases himself in until he is flush against Ford’s body; Ford could cry from relief, because Stan is going to start fucking him, now, and this will all be over; he’ll have won and he can come, and –

– and Stan doesn’t move. He’s practically cradling Ford, holding him close. He’s sucking and mouthing aimlessly at Ford’s throat and jaw; his teeth scrape at Ford’s ear. But he’s not – fucking – *moving.* Ford tries to roll his hips on Stan’s cock, but finds that Stan’s grip on his ass is too tight – all he can do is squirm.

Fine. *Fine.* Ford can handle this. He starts to suck in deep, steadying breaths, centering himself. Just before he has found his center and calmed down, however, Stan takes one hand from Ford’s ass and wraps it around his cock, *tight.* Ford gasps and bucks, digging his nails into Stan’s back. In this, Stan doesn’t tease – he starts jerking Ford off with brutal twists of his hand, so fast it almost hurts.

Ford’s orgasm builds fast, until Ford is thinking *it doesn’t matter, you win, don’t stop,* until Ford is saying it, panting hard: “Stan, don’t stop – don’t – almost – “

His thighs begin to shake – he is so close, just a few more strokes of Stan’s hand, just one more well-placed kiss to his throat – and then, presumably because Stan hates him, he stops.

The noise it elicits from Ford is utterly undignified. Stan laughs, his breath huffing against Ford's neck. Ford cusses, smacks Stan's arm, and moves to finish himself off – damn the bet, damn Stan, damn it all – but Stan grabs his wrist and pins it to the bed.

"Nope," he says. "Not yet."

"I thought," Ford says, seething, "the point was to finish me first."

"Uh huh. And I'm going to." He shifts, and the angle of his cock inside of Ford shifts, and Ford gasps. "Eventually."

"Fuck you," Ford says, "fuck you, fuck y – " Stan shuts him up with a kiss, deep and steady, another surge of pleasure going through Ford. Ford threads his free hand in Stan's hair and keeps him there, kissing desperate and fast, every fiber of his being wanting to surge up and meet Stan, trying to make Stan want to fuck him as badly as he wants to be fucked.

It seems to work, or almost work – Stan finally, *finally* moves his hips, his cock edging inch-by-inch out of Ford until only the head of it is holding him open. He eases his hand off Ford's ass, cupping the back of Ford's head, holding him tenderly. He leans back enough to nuzzle Ford's face. "Go ahead," he says.

Ford doesn't need to be told twice – he starts to roll his hips on Stan's cock, fucking himself on Stan as hard as he can though it's difficult at this angle. Ford will take anything he can get, at this point – he's burning up, thinks he might burn away when he finally comes.

"C'mon," Stan says, panting. "C'mon, Ford. You can do better."

That does it – Ford surges forward and up and shoves Stan onto his back. Before Stan can protest, Ford adjusts himself, straddling Stan's hips, and starts to ride his cock, hard and fast, giving himself what Stan didn't.

Stan *grins* up at him, wolfish, like he's planned it like this.

It's enough – Ford's orgasm takes him by surprise, runs through him like a shock wave. He covers Stan's belly with come; his hands skate along Stan's chest. He trembles, hard. The world blinks out.

*

"Say it."

"Mnngh."

"Sa-ay it."

"…no."

"Fine. Be a baby about it. Does widdle baby need his bottle? Does widdle baby need a nappy-poo?"

Ford sighs. Stan does always have to make things difficult. “You win,” he says.

Stan grins. “Damn right I did,” he says. “Sucker.”

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